any worse than smokes.

Nonetheless Sam had to do something to assert himself. That's what her intervention was about. He settled for exchanging Betty's regular cokes for diet. I remember him balancing the case on his ample thigh on his way back to the "No Frills," lecturing us on how wrong it was to ruin Betty's diet. What a fine, pro-active worker.

Adam was better. Staff routinely emptied all the cans of pop into a pitcher, thinking that it discouraged waste. Adam would never do so. He asked me if I wouldn't rather have my own pop. Of course I would. Adam put the tenants' dignity above such parsimonious economizing. He always made the imaginative effort to put himself in the tenants' situation.

Sam and Serge were insecure. That was confirmed for me again one afternoon when Sam came into the office and I caught his bird-eyes studying me as I gave Gabriel his 4 o'clock meds. He said he didn't want to butt in (which was a lie) but I'd just committed a major medication error. I'd tapped the pills into my hand first, and then handed them to Gabriel. That meant I was dispensing. We could be sued for that. I explained that Gabriel's hands had been too unsteady for me to give him his pills straight out of the dosette. There were worse things for which we could be sued. There were things for which we deserved to be sued.